Grant I may never prove so fond, To trust man on hu oath or bond; Or a harlot^ for her weeping; Or a dog, that seems a sleeping; Or a keeper with my freedom; Or my friends, if I should need 'em. Amen. So fall tot: Rich men sin[5], and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks. Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus I

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord. *TIM,* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my Iord$_9$ there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*AP&M** 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to *em.

1 *LORD.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, th&t you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect[6].

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much hklp from you : How had you been my friends -else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart[7] ? I

5 *Rich men* SIN,] **Dr.** Farmer proposes to read —sing. REED.

[6] — for ever perfect,] That is, arrived at the perfection of liappiness. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

" Then comes my fit again; I had else been *perfect;—*"

STEEVENS,

1 How had you been my friends else? why have you that CHARITABLE title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to $ny heart ?] *Charitable* signifies, *dear, endearing,* So, Milton;